

# Sandy Denny, Fotheringay

How often she has gazed from castle windows o'er,  
And watched the daylight passing within her captive wall,  
With no-one to heed her call.

The evening hour is fading within the dwindling sun,  
And in a lonely moment those embers will be gone  
And the last of all the young birds flown.

Her days of precious freedom, forfeited long before,  
To live such fruitless years behind a guarded door,  
But those days will last no more.

Tomorrow at this hour she will be far away,  
Much farther than these islands,  
Or the lonely Fotheringay